

A Pleasant

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A Protestant School-Boy,
And a Popish PRIEST,

Concerning the Present Times,

As they met at *Hide-Park* Corner, last *Fryday*.

Especially, touching *Popish Saints*, *Transubstantiation*,
Infallibility, *Bulls*, *Limbus Patrum*, *Miracles of the Meal-Tub*,
Monmouth's business, the *Race at Salisbury*, &c.

Also, something relating to the late unhappy Fire at *Whitehall*.



THE
GOLDEN
AGE
OF
THE
WORLD
IN
THE
EAST
AND
WEST
BY
J. G. L. L.



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Dialogue betwixt a Boy and a Papist.

B. **H**A boys *Tom*, go carry home my Teps, my Giggs, my Marbles and my Nicks, yonder comes the Man I told you of, that taught me to keep so many Holy-days: ay, go, I say, for I'll play no longer, but stand at the Corner, and salute him, it may be he may teach me a trick more pleasant than breaking up at *Easter*, *Whitsontide*, or *Christmas*.

Tom. Well then *Jack*, adieu till Night, I'll be no Eves-dropper to over-hear your Arguments. Farewel *Tom*. Now for a touch of my Grandmother at *Rome-ave Domine*, hail, Sir.

Papist. O my Child, well met, I have been looking for thee to instruct thee in some farther principles: How hast thou improved thy self in what I taught thee last?

B. Well, Sir, as to observing of the Holy-days, for I have plaid the Truant at least Twenty times, as our Scholars tell me my Master says, since I convert with you.

Papist. O Heretick, would not he then have been observe those days the Pope has set a part

to be Religiously kept, as sanctified Holy-days.
 Boy. No, but vows he'll whip me soundly when ever I come to School again; and indeed I believe he'll be as good as his word, for he is a cruel man.

Pap. Well, thou shalt be no more under subjection to a Heretick, but be instructed by the Pedagogus of ours; these damn'd Hereticks know would ruine thee, but I'll prevent thee and take care for thy future Education.

Boy. O law Sir, what's that Pedagogus ha! that's a fine Name indeed, pray what manner of thing is it:

Pap. Why one that shall teach thee to recite all the Articles of thy Belief, and only rest thy Salvation on the Pope's Infallibility; but come up little Knave, what Holy-days did you so strictly observe, name them?

Boy. Why, all those Catholick Saints days that have been Hanged for Treason, ever since Queen Besses days, as they call her.

Pap. O Villain, for Treason: no, but thou shalt dye Martyrs for the holy Church, under Heretical Persecutions.

Boy. Well then, that died Martyrs, as Guy Faux, Catesby, Bookwood, Piercy, Digby, &c. the like, with Father Garner, Stacey, Coleman, Langhorn, all the Jesuits, and a number more I took them all for Saints, because they made up the more Holy-days to keep me from School.

da Pap. 'Tis very well you did, and must ever
und ter hold them to be Saints; or else be plung'd
nde to Eternal Torments.

For Boy. Well, Sir, but as to the Pope's Infal-
bility, pray has the Pope no Sin? cannot he
r srr like other Men?

by Pap. No, 'tis a mortal Sin, and does de-
ckerve the hottest Flames of Purgatory to once
the much as think he can; all that he does is
ruer than the Scriptures, all is Gospel that he
og speaks, or be it what it will, he makes it so;
w say, he will have it so in spite of all the He-
eticks.

eca Boy. Why, truly Sir, I heard my Father call
st him Whore of Babylon, and I am sure Whores
co re counted haughty People here in England.

Tri Pap. Ay, thy poor Father was a damn'd He-
etick, and would have made thee so, but thou
da must not believe a word he taught thee, but re-
si sounce him as I told thee, and acknowledge no
ther Father but the Pope, you must believe he is
t infallible and cannot sin.

Boy. Well, Sir, if it must be so. —

Pap. Must, yes upon pain of Damnation it
ui must, to think a thought to the contrary, de-
rves the Flames.

m Boy. Yet farther, Sir, I heard our Minister
no once say (and Ministers with us are counted
ma holy Men) that he was a Scarlet Beast, with
m seven Heads and ten Horns, and I am sure
P that

that such a Beast must needs be ugly and monstrous too, for I never heard of such a one in *England*, unless it was the Ram that was shown in *Bartholomew-Fair*, and that too had but one Head, though it had many Horns: pray, Sir, is he like a Ram?

Pap. *Sirrah, leave off these blasphemous Quories, or I shall teach you better manners, the same way we taught the Hereticks in blessed Queen Mary's days.*

Boy. Pray, Sir, how was that?

Pap. *Why with Fire and Faggot, Sirrah, which Lesson we intend to read them o'er again for ever long, if our business succeeds.*

Boy. O law, Sir, why did you bake them in Ovens and make Pasties of them to feed the Pope?

Pap. *No, Rogue, but chain'd them to Stake, and burnt them to ashes: but more this hereafter.*

Boy. Why Sir, 'tis said the Roman Catholics do use to bake their God, and eat him up, well then may they devour an hundred such poor humane Squabs as I.

Pap. *Thou damn'd Heretick, I'll sacrifice thee up to Moloch, if thou dar'st say the like again.*

Boy. O pray, Sir, I'll do any thing, O, for the sake of St. Francis, Sir, don't eat me.

Pap. *No Villain, I shan't, and yet because*

see how false thy Heretical Parents have taught thee, on purpose thou mightest be damned; I will in pity instruct thee somewhat about the Omnipotence of Transubstantiation.

Boy. O law, Sir, that is such a hard word, I shall forget it, pray chalk it up on my Hat, for my better remembrance.

Pap. No, Sirrah, but on thy back with a Discipline, as we did on Langhorn's, for discovering of the Jesuits Lands, if thou dar'st be thus unmannerly.

Boy. Sir, I have done; now you may inform me what you please.

Pap. Well then, Transubstantiation is by the power of the holy Mother Church, and the Omnipotence of our infallible Father the Pope, by turning of a Wafer by Consecration of the Priest into a Corporal body.

Boy. Alas! Sir, I hope the Pope is not a Conjuror, for I heard my Father say, they can do no very strange things; I wondred indeed from whence the Gypsies came all this while, and now I perceive they came from Rome; I hope, Sir, all your Priests are not Gypsies, if they be, they will gabble so that I shall not be able to understand one word they say.

Pap. Sirrah, will you never leave these thwarting questions, Rascal, I charge thee no more on 'em, O damn'd Heretick, the Pope a Conjuror, and our Priests Gypsies, I shall give thee

thee up to be tormented in the hottest hole of Purgatory.

Boy. O pardon me, Sir, I wou'd have said of the Pope a Thunderer, and your Priests, Jesuits

Pap. Well turn'd Rogue, I see thou canst equivocate by Mental Reservation, ay, now thou sayest right, for the Pope is a Boanerger, a Son of Thunder, witness his Roaring Bulls against Excommunicated Princes, how soon these Thunderbolts can ruine Kingdoms, by stirring up Religion, and unbinge the State of Empire.

Boy. Alas! Sir, how chance his Holiness sent none of these horned Beasts into England to do his work, for a mad Bull is a very fearful thing, Oh how they will buck one, if they stand but in their way; for I have seen them play sad Tricks in Smithfield.

Pap. Alas, poor Child! I see thou art ignorant in that Affair, and knowest not what they be.

Boy. O law, Sir, not know what a Bull is! Ha, ha, ha, and avads, my Father kept two among his Cows; why, Sir, they have two short Horns, and a great pair of Stones; O law, not know what a Bull is! Sure you take me for a great Fool indeed.

Pap. Sirrah, I say you are mistaken, these Pope's Bulls are other manner of things, one of them ruin'd Bohemia, Albigenia, Piedmont, and Waldensia, and caused Eight hundred thousand Hereticks to die.

Boy. O fie upon his Horns, what a murdering Bull was that! 'tis well then that we have none of 'em in England, such a Bull would eat all London before him, and swallow up the Thames at a mouthful, and drink the River of Thames dry, so that the Water-men would be forced to go a Hay-making, avads, that would be pretty.

Pap. Yes Sirrah, there has been one of them lately in England, but that Air is so thick, and the Climate so cold, that he could not roar loud nough, nor cast out his Flames around him, as in other Countries, more subject to the Fire of Rome.

Boy. Alas! if they be fiery Bulls, and cast out Flames so, that might be one of them (for I know) which roar'd so loud and furiously at Whitehall last Week, for I remember abundance of Flames flew about, tho' the Weather was very cold at that time; besides, some People discourse as if some of the Sons of your Church was concern'd in that Odismal Conflagration.

Pap. No, Impudence; 'tis well known how that unhappy Fire began, tho' some lewd Heretics have maliciously endeavour'd to make the people believe strange things, in order to render us odious, but I would have you to know, we scorn all such abominable Actions.

Boy.

Boy. Ay, I believe you do, but 'tis as Dog
scorns Mutton, when he runs away with
whole Shoulders.

Pap. Come, come, thou art a very Wag, I
thou understands not what these kind of Bulls
are gendred of, nor whence they do derive their
Power.

Boy. No indeed Sir, I know no other than
I have told you; but pray Sir, make me free
to understand, I'de gladly know.

Pap. Why Sirrah, they are Bulls of Basili-
made to push at Princes, to make them bow be-
fore the See Apostolick, or else by Excommuni-
cating them, to tear the Crowns from off their
Heads. Depose and Murder them by their own
Subjects Hands, as France and England, Ger-
many and Spain in former Ages had their Mon-
archs served---but no more of this.

Boy. But pray Sir, one Question more, for
would fain learn what Bulls these are; would
not that one of them that the Pope's Legate
brought over to Excommunicate King Henry
the 8th?

Pap. 'Tis it was.

Boy. Then I know what they are, for
heard my Father read in an old Book, that
that Legate was Hang'd at Tyburn with his
Bull about his Neck; sure that was a simple
Bull that could not roar the Gallows down
when others did such Feats as you relate.

Pap. Villain, 'tis Death for thee to say those words again.

Boy. O-- Sir---hold---I have done.

Pap. Tis well thou hast, or I should stop thy Breath forever, and purge thee of thy He-
fic, in the dark Cells of *Limbus Patrum*.

Boy. Alas, Sir, what kind of place is that ?
 I have heard much talk of *Bugby's-hole* ; nay,
 my Sister told me I should go thither, is that
 the *Limbus Patrum* you mean Sir, for I'll war-
 rant you that's some ugly place or other, for
 the very naming on't so scar'd me, that I could
 not eat my Breakfast.

Pap. No, no, Sirrah, it is a place exceeding
 hot a thousand times, a place where naughty
 people go to purge themselves of Sin in streams
 of Fire.

Boy. O law, Sir, what that's a kind of an
 ugly place indeed ; but pray Sir, have they
 no Victuals there ?

Pap. No.

Boy. Why, good Sir, how can they live
 then ? I hope they don't do as they say the
 Bears do in *Greenland* ?

Pap. How is that, Sirrah ?

Boy. Why, sit upon their Tails, and suck
 their Paws all Winter, instead of Breakfast,
 Dinner and Supper.

Pap. No Rogue, they don't.

Boy.

Boy. Why, pray Sir, can they live upon nothing, that's a hard case?

Pap. Yes, upon nothing but Heat and Smoak.

Boy. Avads, then I believe it is the place from whence our Tobacco comes, for they say, the people eat little or nothing but Smoak; and besides, the people are cursed black that come from thence, therefore I believe it must be a damnable hot Country.

Pap. No Rascal, 'tis another kind of place and smoke than that, 'tis a place within an Inch of Hell, just under our Feet, with Adamantine Gates, of which the Pope does always keep the Keys. 'tis *Purgatory*, Sirrah.

Boy. Alas! Sir, I don't know, but I verily believe 'tis the same place as I mean, for I assure I ne'er smelt no Smoke stink worse than Tobacco-smoke in my life, and all people say that it comes from a place under us; nay, and further, I have heard people say that have been at the bottom of a deep Well, that they have heard the Ducks quak in another World; and now, Sir, I believe verily they were mistaken, and that it was only the Prisoners in *Purgatory*, calling for Drink to the Tobacco.

Pa. Ha! Villain, 'tis a Mystery, 'tis a Miracle beyond thy Capacity, I charge thee speak no more on't.

Boy. Well, I shan't Sir, but now you talk

of a Miracle, I have heard much discourse of Miracles; pray Sir, what manner of thing is a Miracle?

Pap. A Miracle is some wondrous work, wrought by the Church of *Rome*; as raising the Dead, healing the Blind and the Lame, causing Images to Speak, &c. These properly belong to her alone, and are performed by the Clergy.

Boy. But Sir, they say the Plot in *Monmouth's* days, was discovered by a Miracle; did your Church discover that I pray now?

Pap. No, no, thou art damn'd if thou believest that ever there was any Plot, only an invention of the Devil and the *Presbyterians*, to raise a Persecution against the Saints, and you must believe so on pain of Purgatory.

Boy. But Sir, as to the Discovery, (I heard Folks say,) the Meal-Tub made, had your Church no hand in that, if I might be so bold?

Pap. Yes, I do believe that was a Miracle wrought by the Church Apostolick, by way of Transubstantiation, turning the Meal into written Papers, and had it not been so molested as it was, all the Meal had taken the same form, and filled the Land with flying News of the Pope.

Boy. Alas Sir, if your Church could do such Tricks, she may turn all your Meal to Paper, and then what should we do for Pancakes on *Shrove-Tuesday*.

Pap.

Pap. No, no, Sirrah, all our Miracles rather tend to the good of Mankind than any ways to prejudice them, especially that part which belongs to Mother Church.

Boy. Oh, oh, now I understand you, and in part the nature of your Miracles too, for I remember in 88, there was a mighty Female which brought forth a Son (as I may say) with an Hours warning, which was a swinging Miracle, and I suppose wrought by your Church.

Pap. Thou art in the right on't.

Boy. As right as I am, I believe your Miracles ceased suddainly after, for when the *Dutch* Landed at *Torbay*, your party could perform none, unless some Wonders by out-running the *Dutch* at *Salisbury-Plain*.

Pap. Nay, for all your haught, there was some Miracles perform'd too, viz. in preserving the *Babie* and his Mother from the terrible *Jacob* of *Meenhere*, and the reputed *Dadda* also.

Boy. But hold Sir, with your leave, if your Church could have work'd such Wonders as you talk of, she would have preserved *Sir John Friend* and *Sir William Perkins*, from that unlucky and fatal Jobb they perform'd at *Tyburn*, as also another holy Brother, whose Head took leave of him at *Tower-Hill*, Miracles in those Days I am sure would have been very acceptable among the Sons of your Church.

Pap. Out upon thee, thou Saucy Villain, let
 have no more of these Reflections; Satan
 let loose then, so that no Miracle could
 ke place; but he will be bound again e'er
 ng, and then you'l see our Miracles will re-
 ve again.

Boy. Nay, then I humbly beg your Pardon,
 r saying your Army ran away for fear of the
 ntch; for if Satan was let loose at that time,
 rather think he appeared among them at
 alisbury, for as the Proverb says, *They must*
Needs go (and run too) when the Devil
Out-rides.

Pap. Come, I see you're a Wag, let's have
 Catch, and so conclude.

Boy. Now you talk of a Catch, it puts me
 mind of the Hang-man, and therefore I be-
 ve you would have me sing to the Tune of
Jam. Coleman and the five Jesuits.

Pap. No Sirrah, that's too serious to make
 Song on.

Boy. Oh Sir, 'tis the better, for it is like
 Singing a Psalm at Tyburn.

Pap. Why, you don't think I shall be
 Hang'd, do ye you Knave;

Boy. I don't know, but if you go on as you
 begin, you may prosper so well as to be Saint-
 ed at last, and much good may do you with it.

Pap. Come, leave your joaking, and let's
 have the Song, but let's have no Heresie in
 I charge you. The

The SONG; To the Tune of
Clories awake : Or, I am a Maid &c.

THE Papist's Religion will certainly please ;
 For that will Indulge it to live at our ease ;
 And if we have Peter-pence, fear not the Story
 Of the wide Mouth of Hell, or the Hole Purgatory,
 The Pope and Jack Ketch has made many Saints,
 And yet all the Papists are full of Complaints ?
 But there is no reason I think for this thing,
 When Jack sends them all up to Heaven in a String.

10 JULY 52

FINIS.

Licensed according to Order.

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1078. E 20 2 1
Timely Warning,

To Rash and Disobedient

L. Kent (R)

CHILDREN.

Being a strange and wonderful R E-
A T I O N of a young Gentleman in
the Parish of *Stepheny*, in the Suburbs of
London, That sold himself to the Devil
for 12 Years, to have the Power of being
revenged on his Father and Mother, and
now his Time being expired, he lay in a
sad and deplorable Condition, to the Amaz-
ement of all Spectators.



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